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MacSWINEY

BATTLE-CRIES

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# BATTLE- CRIES

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By

TERENCE MacSWINEY

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San Francisco.

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*TO*  
*THE DEAD AT EASTERTIDE*  
*1916*



Le myrtic warwur

Zorodallai war Subne

15, 18, 20

# BATTLE-CRIES

By

**TERENCE MacSWINEY**

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Copyright applied for



## FOREWORD

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These Ballads of Battle, in which Terence Mac-Swiney shrilled out the longings of his soul for one more gallant fight in the cause he loved were written at various periods from the Insurrection of Easter Week, 1916, up to quite recently.

The fates had forbidden that he should die beside his brother Irishmen who fell in that epic struggle, but in a country held by the invading army of the most brutally militaristic nation of the world, it was inevitable that a spirit such as his should be foredoomed to martyrdom. And he was ready for the sacrifice: of the lights that burn on the high altar of his people's welfare, his love was mightiest and trained in the daily path of submission to the ideals for which he lived and was always ready to die.

In him is typified the soul of the Irish nation —immutable, unchainable, invincible. He is the apotheosis of the new young Ireland, high crowned upon a throne of tragedy; the symbol of eternal faith in the justice of her cause. And in these ballads in which he hands on the sanctified torch of Freedom, lighting the background of a nation in travail, is the gospel of our national faith.

*Signed: KNIGHTS OF THE RED BRANCH,  
San Francisco.*

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The proceeds of this booklet will be handed over to the family of the author, to dispose of as seems best to them.

**(RECAP)**

*✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓*



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## BATTLE-CRY

GLORY to God, we shall not die without another blow.  
Glory to God, the living flood is sweeping all below.

The flame has cleft the darkness, the old and fierce desire  
Has even swept the slave into a white and mounting fire.

'Tis no mad dream: I hear the tread of countless  
marching men.  
Old Ireland is ablaze, ablaze in city, field and glen.

"To arms!" the cry goes down the wind, and with a  
wild delight  
We rush to arms, and pray "God speed another gallant  
fight."

And we had cursed our bitter time of black and freezing  
shame—  
Christ, on our knees for this brave hour we bless Thy  
Sacred Name.

We shall not perish off the land in dastardly disgrace.  
Glory to God, we'll do a deed worthy our royal race.

Old Shane the Proud, look up in Heaven, we send it to  
the stars:  
We shall be proud, and you shall hear the clamour of  
our wars.

Old Brian, smiter of the Dane, and you shall hear as we  
Shout your great name, and smite the foe and sweep  
them to the sea.

What happy field in Heaven holds you, our brave Red  
Hugh?

But you must flash in spirit down the battle to renew.

And mighty Aodh shall soar above the well-known  
Yellow Ford,

And smile to see us bare again the freedom-winning  
sword.

Oh, shade of valiant Owen Roe, the old black treachery,  
That struck you down, has burst upon the ancient enemy.

The evil game they tried again—set their own train afire!  
Glory to God, we'll give them now more than their heart's  
desire.

Shout for the long-despaired-of fight. By Heaven, we  
shall not fail,

Led by the hosted spirits of the warriors of the Gael.

From out the shining East they come, up the undying  
West,

From Donegal to Desmond, with glory manifest.

But soft, and still awhile the exultation fierce and loud,  
Oh, martyred spirit, see where stands our Emmet pale  
and proud.

One passionate prayer we breathe below our hushed,  
exulting laugh:

We swear it by the living God to write his epitaph.

Oh, by the Cross of Agony, where Christ, our Saviour,  
died,

Let not the kiss of death itself by one man be denied.

Oh, Thou who holdest in Thy Hands the issue of this  
strife,

We freely offer pain in death and every hope in life.

*Only set on the battle swift, and make us fit and free.  
Yea, reckon up the price for us, however great it be,  
We'll pay it in our best of blood for Ireland's liberty.*

## THE BALLAD OF RORY OGUE

[“But he was O’More, had rights inherited from afar, nigh 2,000 years old. These he would uphold against all men, and rather be rolled into his grave than surrender.”—STANDISH O’GRADY.]

“RORY is out,” and gallant Leix leaps up with a shout and a laugh.  
Rory is out, and the English scribes were writing his epitaph !  
Now ye of the Pale with fury and terror and hate shall be pale,  
For Rory has vowed he will smash your power, and Rory will never fail.

With bated breath there is whispering behind the English walls,  
As one who fears to breathe his name some daring feat recalls;  
And one, who would boast, with a toss of his head cries scorn of the Rapparee,  
Till one speaks up who had seen him in state as a chieftain proud and free.

A man from the court, in a hush intense he tells his breathless tale,  
How Rory rode with his retinue to overawe the Pale:  
He came to the Viceroy’s palace, strode through with the mien of a king,  
And the Viceroy’s minions bent their heads and their hearts went fluttering.

Rory and fame and freedom ! Let one of Rory’s men Tell of the treacheries in fair guise the English played again.

Away with the tale. But Rory swore fiercely to Heaven's height,  
"Tis a fool will parley with the dogs;" and his great sword leapt to light;  
And he vowed, till he'd won his native sod, it never should know the sheath,  
For he'd clear the land of the English brood, or himself be rolled in death.

With the blaze of a lightning flash he swept straight on the hated horde,  
And their tales were dark with the wrath of his soul and the play of his terrible sword:  
But a cloud passed over his glory, and eager they cried, "he is fled"—  
Many, stuck to the earth with fear, prayed deep in their hearts, he was dead.

Yet out of the cloud and out of eclipse, as from Hell-black night, a star,  
Stood Rory clear in the light again and stripped for the truceless war;  
And his foes at a breath of his fury were caught in a new dismay,  
In their visions from air, from sea, and from earth he storms in his fierce array:

A vampire breathing destruction on the mane of the swiftest wind;  
An ocean-tempest in curbless power to every mercy blind;

As fixed as a rock to assail for their legions issuing forth  
As red as blood in his wrath as he thunders o'er trembling  
earth.

“Pillage and fire and murder of women and children  
frail”—

They brought their stories black to glut the ears of the  
trembling Pale.

But there's joy in Leix, and the happy child leaps up on  
his mother's arm;

And the maidens are singing—when “Rory is out,” their  
hearts are free of alarm.

How he smiled at their taunts without answer: But he  
reared his race in pride;

And his gallant wife to his great heart clung and by him  
in battle died.

Oh, swift for this was his vengeance, straight and fierce  
where it fell,

And the English shook with his furious blows, and pause  
from their tales a spell;

For their hate and their wrath of his scourging sword  
could but freely dare to tell.

Rory and fame and freedom! His arm, will it ever tire?  
But the thought of the great beloved dead is writ in  
the lurid fire

Of his war implacable; and he sets a line for his race,  
To never yield a foot to the foe, but in blood if need to  
efface

The blight of their touch from Irish earth, and leave of  
them never a trace.

And he wrote his will in deeds of fire across his native  
land,  
Till in his final fight his sword dropped from his  
conquering hand.  
But the English paused in their shout of joy—from  
Wicklow slipping free  
The bravest son of Rory's house springs to his destiny.

And Rory's spirit rides the wind, and still rolls on the  
war;  
And the old hope is high and proud, fixed as the morning  
star.

And when the banner and the sword, that he so bravely  
bore,  
Burn in their final victory, they'll light up the days of  
yore,  
And there shall stand in the track of the sun, our Rory  
Ogue O'More.

## TO CLONTARF

Hail, Brian, our King, to his proud shining throne  
Let the sons of the North yield their sway.  
Can they crush him, who conquered when standing alone,  
Now he sweeps in Dalcassian array?  
In the blaze of his glory our country is one,  
May confusion darken her foes!  
While we march in our joy in the light of the sun,  
Lo! in Norseland pale terror grows.

Hush! some would steal forth in defiance to brave  
The wrath of our hero and King.  
We'll scatter their banners abroad on the wave,  
And again of victory sing.  
Kincora is proud, for her clansmen have poured  
At her call, North, South, East and West:  
We'll welcome the invaders with the naked sword,  
By the shore we will give them rest!

## CRIMAL'S DREAM

[The last warriors of Coole are driven to earth by the Men of Morna. They are making ready for their last fight, when Crimal arrests them with a prophecy that a saviour is at hand. He relates his dream of Fionn. The eager questionings and ejaculations of the warriors are removed to show the continuity of the piece.]

Oh, Warriors, hear me speak  
What I have strange to tell—not now a dream  
Of night-time only—one most strange of all,  
That opened out before me in the sun,  
And wrapped my soul in wonder. I have waited,  
Nursing its hope, withholding it till came  
Some hour more grim than any we have known,  
To breathe its hope to you.

Bascell, recall of late,  
One bitter day you bent above the fire,  
Watching the flame, till from the anxious chase  
Our brothers bore the spoils. I left you thus:  
Going to meet them in the wood, there came  
To me a vision. First my senses swam  
With the sweet cadence of a faery-music,  
Then was the world around me all transformed,  
The black wild winter softened into spring,  
Things distant stood revealed. The farthest wood  
Opened before me; there great hosts I saw,  
Weaponed for war, alert and harassed, lo!  
Not proud as victors, but with troubled front,  
Like warriors after overthrow, who look  
Their losses to repair.

[The Warriors surmise the Men of Morna.]

While rapt I gazed,  
There sprang a champion from the forest dim  
With all the flashing fire of Long-armed Lugh,  
And with a mien immortal. Straight he swept  
Single upon the host, and instant havoc  
He wrought among the warriors: then there passed  
The mist of scattering companies o'er the dream.

Yea, there is more. Again the dream was clear:  
No longer in a wood I gazed; I saw  
Him standing by a river. Memory touched  
Old things in me; I knew the place he held—  
By Liffey's side where Coole the mighty fell—  
“Prophetic dream,” I cried, and stood entranced,  
In rapture gazing. Warriors, he was mighty,  
And yet in form most beautiful; his face  
Was radiant as a sun—’twould light the world.  
Shield-bearing he, thrice armed, and kingly-robed,  
Still did the golden flowing hair proclaim  
A youthful warrior; earth-born, yet he wore  
The splendour and the dignity of a god.  
While I in wonder gazed, the shining brow  
With ominous anger-cloud grew stern and dark,  
Most terrible—oh, brothers, we are men  
And proven warriors, never known to fear,  
But never let me see a foeman's front  
With aspect so forbidding, dark and weird,  
Threatening hidden terrors. . . . .

[The Men of Morna are alluded to.]

Yea, on them  
His terrible anger darkened; in my heart  
Surged a wild exultation, then deep awe

Grew over me. On him I gazed and gazed,  
While he frowned o'er the water, as if there  
His foes were scattering, while some shamed chief  
Sought to make brave his terror-stricken warriors,  
And lead them back to battle. . . . .

Brave Conall, yet not vanished was the dream,  
I saw the hero-fury, fierce and wild,  
Darken and break; then like the rapid play  
Of cloud o'er sunlight went his vivid wrath,  
Leaving the bright face open, till serene  
And beautiful and kingly shone his brow.  
Then full on me he turned. Think of the dread  
A cyclone strikes in men on ocean-wastes,  
Then of the softening wonder of the spring-time,  
Sunlight on water, all earth melody.  
So passed my soul from terror to a dream  
Divinely-lighted. Oh, immortal fire,  
Soul-strength and wonder-music never floated  
Through a tired brain, droused in a veil of sleep.  
I knew it was prophetic, and I held  
Forth to the victor, trembling, pleading hands;  
'Twas then on me he turned. The hero-fury  
Died down in tenderness; his warrior strength  
In awe had held me, but his gentleness  
Floated around me like a summer dawn,  
And softened through me with a wonder-sweetness,  
That never wakened in a woman's dream.  
Vain, vain are words, vain any art to trace  
The light of a soul's wondering, a form  
So beautiful, majestic, radiate  
With fire and feeling of a rarer world.

I was held breathless till I heard his voice,  
More musical than waters in a dream.  
Sweep in a wave of harmony: "Brave Crimal,  
The power of Morna's men will pass tomorrow."

## THE PROPHESY OF FIONN

[Fionn is addressing the Last Warriors of Coole, in their retreat, where they have been holding out against the Men of Morna. He has come to redeem them, and has heard the story of their brave struggle. He delivers himself thus:]

It all shall be set down,  
And in the memory of the after-time  
Our day shall shine with all the glow of dawn-light,  
The dream and hope of morning. Bardic song  
Shall sing a sweeter triumph than the host  
By braver host o'erthrown; and reverent ears  
Shall bend to hear of hero-dreamers' battles,  
While pulses quickening, leaping hearts, eyes glistening  
Tell how a people cherish a last hope.  
Stern there shall stand a warning to the world  
Where dark deeds triumph for a little day,  
Beware the dreamer. When a wondering soul  
Inspires a dauntless heart, a mind acute,  
A hand both strong and quick to strike—beware,  
Let tyrannies then tremble. There shall flash,  
Like quickening fire thro' the quivering earth,  
A message to all nations, like a star  
Shattering an ocean-darkness, like a song  
Bearing its burden in a single line—  
A few men faithful and a deathless dream—  
Rouse, rouse, to sound the freedom of a race  
And strike slave-souls to fire—awaken, Earth!  
No people shall despair who hear it told  
From Morna's men so passed the power away.

## A CALL TO ARMS

Sons of the Gael, to your glory awaking,  
Fling ye to earth all the fears of the slave.  
Hark, now our tyrants in battle are shaking;  
Now our old banner forever shall wave.

Where slaves were wont to weep,  
Men to the struggle leap:  
Lo! in their thousands they form o'er the plain,  
What shall our war-cry be?  
Shout it from sea to sea:  
"For God and our country to arms again."

Long in the gloom was our motherhood calling  
The sons of our once gallant race to the fray;  
Long were our hopes like the autumn leaves falling—  
Now the pure breath of freedom arrests the decay.  
Perish the dark despair!  
Spirits sing in the air  
A rally to battle our land to regain.  
Soldiers, with gallant mien  
Grasp gun and sabre keen,  
And strike for old Ireland in arms again.

Mark, as ye rise how the tyrant is trembling  
Our day fair is dawning, and he in his might  
Must yield to the strength of our thousands assembling  
In battle-array, and all hot for the fight.  
Where is the one who fears?  
Think of the glorious years  
Full in the freedom long fought for in vain.

Fling the old flag on high;  
Vow ye to win or die,  
And strike for the old cause. To arms again.

Swift now above us the war-clouds are rolling,  
But the blaze of our banner is bright in the sky;  
And the crash of our rifles the death-knell is tolling  
Of England's dark reign, now the last hour is nigh.  
Now make her armies reel  
Back from your gleaming steel,  
While on their ear falls the old war refrain,  
Loudly from wood and glen,  
Shout it, my gallant men,  
For God and for Ireland. To arms again.

## PARLEY

WHAT! come you at the eleventh hour—  
You! trembling for your shaking power—  
You! wolf that would our land devour

If you were strong?

But now God's wrath is out at last,  
But now your day is slipping past,  
And the dread thunder-bolt is cast—

Oh, fierce sweet song!

And now comes retribution fast.

'Twas prayed for long.

And now you offer terms of peace!  
You see the clouds above increase;  
You cannot make the thunders cease;

Your sun has set.

But still you make a show of state,  
To prove your condescension great—  
But oh, remember, we can wait

A little yet.

And why you condescend thus late  
We don't forget.

Remember in our bitter woe,  
As we did feel it, lying low,  
That all the world our shame did know:

Our cup was full.

God, all that agony of shame,  
It scorched us more than any flame,  
For, oh, some souls were still untame,

Not dead nor dull;

But you, you ever were the same,  
Unpitiful.

But now, but now the hour is changed;  
Your foes against you all are ranged;  
Your frown is for a smile exchanged;

You speak of peace.

But we can read behind a part  
You fain would hide, a trembling heart,  
Oh, is it strange fierce joy should start?

'Tis our release!

While all wild terrors through you dart  
Our hopes increase.

And now 'tis fitter we should write  
The terms of peace: we dread no night,  
You've spent your strength; you made the fight;  
You have not won.

Take hence your weak half-measures now;  
When strong our hearts you could not cow;  
Then to the inevitable bow:

Your race is run.

Behold us! Read it on each brow:  
Your day is done.

So, take our terms: you'll profit well.  
What we have suffered, you can tell;  
And now our hearts can even quell  
What vengeance cries.

We will not reckon tears and blood—  
God, could we count all, if we would?  
But this, this must be understood:

Our flag here flies;  
Your power entire ends, ends for good.  
No compromise.

## OUR VOW

WHAT is our vow, my brothers,  
What are we pledged to do?  
To lift our land to freedom.  
Pray God we be ever true.

True, yes; and never falter,  
Never forswear the sword;  
And give to the bitter foeman  
Never a pleading word.

And, brothers, we are not callous,  
Unheeding that blood may be shed;  
But we know that the Lord God judges,  
And we know that for us He bled.

And we know that the word is written,  
That greater love no man hath  
Than to give his life for his brother  
On the sacrificial path.

And we crave not the blood of our foeman,  
But to sweep him from Irish earth;  
For our land from his reign is blighted,  
Our land that knew once peace and mirth.

And our hearts could be mild and peaceful  
If the foe from our midst withdrew,  
And we would not rush on his country  
The bitter fight to renew.

But, hearken there's born a new danger,  
A treacherous cry has gone forth:

We're offered the dream of the ages—  
If we yield but a corner of earth.

A thousand times no, shout it, brothers,  
And fling the last word at the foe;  
We're true to the faith of our fathers.  
That right we shall never forego—

To our land undivided and freedom.  
For this countless martyrs have died.  
Could we stand by their graves, unforgetting,  
While their blood and their earth we belied?

No, no, the lives lost on the scaffold,  
And the hearts that were drained on the field,  
And the famine and fever in cabins,  
These are wounds not so easily healed.

As he comes with his treacherous treaty,  
We think of the treaties he tore—  
By the gleam of our steel in the sunlight  
We will not be fooled as before.

And now is our course clear and simple,  
To sweep him from Irish earth.  
For our land from his reign is blighted,  
Our land that knew once peace and mirth.

Kneel, kneel by the graves of our martyrs,  
Kneel, vow we there never to flinch;  
To win back the land of our fathers,  
And yield the foe never an inch.

And glory to God who did guard us.  
By His glory imperishable  
We'll light our brave cause into freedom,  
And new life into Eire instil.

And the splendour, the joy and the music,  
She knew once while yet she was young,  
Will return as she steps in awakening  
To her place in the nations among.

## THE SUNLIGHT ON OUR STEEL

We have seen a new and vivid gleam,  
And drunk a wondrous hope;  
Glory beyond the morning's beam  
That bathes the mountain slope.  
Oh, God, how deep our hearts are thrilled,  
What joy our spirits feel,  
What radiance keeps our voices stilled—  
The sunlight on our steel!

The naked, shining steel,  
The liberating steel,  
Guard of the free, for liberty  
Oh, cherish still the steel.

We cherished in our hearts a dream;  
In visions shaped the goal;  
But oh, we hungered for a gleam  
To cheer the longing soul.  
We wearied out the patient skies  
Their promise to reveal,  
Till heaven flashed to exulting eyes  
The sunlight on our steel.

The naked, shining steel,  
The liberating steel,  
Guard of the free, for liberty  
Oh, cherish still the steel.

And in the splendour of its rays  
Our freedom we have won;  
Ireland in glory all ablaze  
Stands proudly in the sun.

Oh, God, we pray, before our land  
Fetters again shall feel,  
The foe must meet us hand to hand—  
The sunlight on our steel.

The naked, shining steel,  
The liberating steel,  
Guard of the free, for liberty  
Oh, cherish still the steel.

## AN ODE TO A BULLET

SWIFT messenger of death, your kiss of pain  
Lay on my brow, before dishonour base  
Shall once again drag low our ancient race.  
Peace we disclaim, that is not freemen's peace;  
Give us the hurtling war and your swift fate,  
    Rather than the slave-state.  
Speed on your wings of fire with sweet release  
    Yea, though with kiss of pain,  
Seek out a secret corner of my brain.

Parley and peace! Before we play a part  
    To tarnish with new shame  
The glory of our new-recovered fame,  
Herald of Death, let all war's fury start:  
    Let us be free and proud  
    Or roll me in my shroud.  
    Flash in a breath of flame  
While the white lightnings through the heavens dart,  
And find your home in this unconquered heart.

Grim Terror of the world, ancient despair  
    Runs not in this my song.  
No, 'tis the secret happiness of the strong.  
For your wild fury now we do not care.  
Let those who shiver at the word of war  
    Call it what name they will—  
    Lo, we are faithful still,  
And in the heavens salute our ancient star.  
Let them cower low, whimpering, void of breath,  
Shrink from your kiss, livid, to think of death—

Here where our martyrs died,  
We stand again in pride.  
Because we hold the open heart and brain  
Ready for your swift summons to the slain,  
We claim for our ancient race  
Her proud and destined place.  
Make of our bodies here what wreck you will,  
Spectre of Death, when they lie white and still,  
Lo, our proud spirits, sweeping exultant, free,  
Shall banish your pale terrors from the land  
And purge our earth pure of all tyranny.  
And Heaven shall witness of our glory be  
Where the survivors stand:  
Soft shall the reverent air  
Whisper our spirit-music everywhere,  
And chant in praise of Freedom's conquering brand  
This our exultingly  
High Song of Victory.

## HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS TO HEAVEN

(A DREAM.)

"TWAS the first that fell in battle as they swept in glory free,  
And they flashed to Heaven's shining plain in battle-ecstasy.

And they cried to the radiant Seraphim word of the great new wars,  
And their spirits bathed in battle-light outshone the splendid stars.

"Speed us swift to the happy field where our old heroes dwell,  
For the first to fall have the privilege the glorious news to tell."

And the Seraphim clashed their shining wings and swept to Heaven's height,  
For the joy of olden prophesy that had leapt at last to light.

And they circled them round with music and they swept their souls with fire,  
Till the first who fell, in battle-joy flashed into the golden choir.

And they sang in the height of the music and they burned with the joy divine,  
And Heaven was filled with their glory who fell in the battle line.

But their spirits in all Heaven's splendour were flushed with a noble pride

To bear the news to the hero-souls who in other years  
had died.

And they cried to the shining leader of the soaring  
Seraphim:

“Oh, speed us swift to their happy field to the sound  
of our battle-hymn.”

And they formed in their battle order, and the angels  
ringed them round,

And a hush fell over Heaven at their music’s noble sound.

A shining leader led them, and, lo! at a heavenly sign  
They swept in their glory forward, who fell in the battle  
line.

But the light of their dauntless spirits was flashed to a  
field afar

Where the dauntless spirits of other days beheld a splen-  
did star.

And they rose in the gleam of its beauty, a dazzling  
company,

And they cried in a voice: “Tis the promised star, the  
star of the brave and free.

“Long have we bathed in the glory that God has poured  
on these heights,

But now he unrolls the destined dream, and sends us the  
light of lights,

The crowning star of His Beauty, His Vision, the light  
of lights.”

And up in a stately column like soldiers who need no word,  
They form to wait with their spirits high for the glory long deferred.

And out of the shining distance, with the blaze of a million stars,  
Flashed forth the exultant spirits new-come from the glorious wars.

And they came in a rush of music while the angels ringed them round,  
White with the great sun's splendour, they swept to the sacred ground,

Where the olden heroes waited—oh, God, for an angel hand  
To write of the joy of the meeting there of the brave united band,

When the news is heard of the victory of the white and the green and the gold,  
Quick with the sweeping music, the warriors proud of old Fight all their battles over again as they hear the story told.

Old Cormac of soul-deep wisdom sings of the brave and wise,  
And Conn, the Hundred-fighter, peals forth his battle-cries.

And Brian, the great Dane-queller, cries: "They shall be ever free,

Who form them straight in the battle-line as one from sea  
to sea."

See Shane in the light of Heaven toss his splendid head  
in pride:

"In the worst of days our gallant men Clan London  
hordes defied."

And Owen Roe to the mighty Aodh cries out  
triumphantly:

"For the soldier-work we were always fit, by the soldier's  
sword we are free."

Hear Red Hugh laugh to MacSwiney: "Is there aught  
our Heaven lacks?"

That great chief shook with the olden joy as he swung  
in his shining tracks,

"Oh for an hour in Ireland now, and my brave battle-axe."

And Fiach MacHugh and Rory Ogue, whom the joy of  
Heaven fills,

Shout for the fire of Leix of old, and the light of the  
Wicklow hills.

And Emmet and Tone and Davis, the proud and the  
gay and serene

Are swept in the glory prophetic: but soft in the light is  
seen

Where Mitchel turns to his brothers, saying, ever as void  
of guile:

"Down comes old Carthage with a crash."—Heaven is in  
his smile!

They are all in the flush of the morning, they are all in  
the light elate,  
For they all have the olden spirit still, who have passed  
from the olden hate.

And now they pause from exulting, and clear in one  
mighty voice,  
They cry to the whole of Heaven: "For the glorious  
earth rejoice:

"For the land that has justified us, for the mighty deed  
it has done,  
For its splendid pride as it lifts its head to the white  
majestic sun."

And that is the morning music we hear in the Dawn's  
white fire,  
Where our souls are hushed in the glory and our foes  
with the night retire.

After the age-long years and wars, by the Infinite God,  
we, we  
Are given the time and the deed to do, to strike old  
Ireland free,  
Are given our foremost place in the sun and our splendid  
destiny.

## PROCLAMATION

PROCLAIMED! I pause before the cry of treason.  
Yes, I will never cross the peace again,  
I will receive your laws and hail your reason,  
And I will praise your justice to all men.  
Yes, I will meekly bend as you have spoken,  
And banish that dear hope my soul has nursed,  
When I shall never get again a token  
That, doing so, my soul would be accursed.

When every flower that makes the spring-time holy  
Shall fail to stir that hope within my breast;  
In darker hours in all depression lowly  
When no soft wind breathes over my unrest;  
When I turn to the torrent's wild commotion,  
And it foams not to rouse a thought in me;  
When as of old I wander to the ocean  
And find but there a mute, submissive sea.

Or when in hope to hear one stray voice even,  
I search the pasture land a whole day long,  
And see the lark soar *silently* to heaven  
And never once salute mine ear with song.  
When I shall see the lakes beneath the mountains  
Flash up no smile of greeting to the sun;  
When I shall see the streams from Nature's fountains  
Without a murmur through the valley run.

When I, alone, in midnight darkness, fearing,  
Thinking on all the terrors of the day,

Must feel God's strength that made us **strong and daring**  
Will never more support us in the **fray**;  
When I must know that all the world **around us**  
Is stripped of all its glory and its **light**,  
All Nature dead, while pale **Despair surrounds us**  
To lock us into grim, eternal night.

Then you may come in might, proclaiming **treason**,  
And you may bend me to your power of **Hell**,  
Pleading—as Satan did of old—of **reason**,  
Ah, the old plea, so old, we know how well!  
Hear our last word: While there's a **hope in Heaven**,  
While but a breath of air still fans the **sky**,  
We will think freedom worth a **fight, though even**  
We know to win it thousands yet must die.

## TO A LATE COMER

ON THE OCCASION OF A CERTAIN CONTROVERSY.

**LATE** convert to the freeman's sword,  
You come to teach us now our part!  
But we shall speak the final word,  
We who the first to arm did start.

Not for the Empire do we stand,  
But for our own historic race;  
Now to make good our old demand,  
Now to win back our old proud place.

Come you, will you the sword unsheathe?  
Come, burning at our country's call:  
Swear by the living God, till death  
You'll place old Ireland first of all.

Let Saxon, Teuton, Slav and Frank  
Riot in war, and win who will—  
Form our brave legions, rank on rank,  
For Ireland one, invincible.

We'll ring our coast with steel around—  
Aye, beat the invader to the sea;  
But first we'll smash on Irish ground  
England's accurst ascendancy.

Not yet the Teuton stirs our dread,  
Not over us his banners frown,  
There's the old menace here instead.  
Who shot our helpless people down?

By the old valour of our race,  
The old flag on the wind shall wave.  
'Tis still the English foe we face—  
Onward to freedom or the grave!

## THE WOMEN OF IRELAND

**T**HEY never failed us in the hour  
When Ireland fought and fell,  
And how they took their martyrdom  
Let Ireland's story tell.  
Now Ireland stands to front the foe  
In battle once again,  
And Ireland's women, quick with pride,  
Leap forward with the men.

But not as men with blow for blow—  
A mission they divine,  
Where through the battle's heat they press  
Along the battle line;  
Not weaponed, though the danger's rife,  
Through fire at duty's call  
They pass with undefended breast  
To where the wounded fall.

But undiscerning death is there,  
And they must pay the toll:  
They brave the terror with the men,  
And with them fill the roll.  
Oh, Ireland will remember all  
When sounds her victory,  
And crown her women with her men  
In proudest liberty.

## THE MARCH OF THE CORK BRIGADE

Air—"The Groves of Blackpool," or "Fineen the Rover."

A RALLY! The trumpet is sounding!  
Through Ireland again rings the call,  
And gallant old Cork comes in thousands,  
Each man sworn to conquer or fall,  
By the blood of our fathers before us,  
Our county from mountain to sea  
Is marching in strength and in glory  
To the old fighting town by the Lee.

I shout for the hosting of Ireland.  
But glory to God when I see  
Our own boys in green with their rifles  
From the old fighting town by the Lee.

The spirits of all who have fallen  
To win back the rights of our race,  
Rise up in their glory in Heaven,  
The pride of the Gael on each face;  
And they pray to the high God of Battles,  
Till God's great decree flashes forth—  
And down they are speeding in splendour  
To bear the glad tidings to earth.

They rally from over high Heaven  
To rouse every heart in our land,  
But hurrah for our boys who were ready  
And waiting the word of command.

Wolfe Tone has passed over Bantry,  
Red Hugh has appeared at Kinsale,

And the spirit of great Tadg-an-Osna  
Swept proudly up old Shannon Vale;  
O'Sullivan's clans, who went northward  
In the grief of their black bitter day,  
Have arisen, their faces to Beara,  
They are marching back down Ceimaneigh.  
A last glorious rally for freedom!

Cork rises from mountain to sea,  
And hurrah for a place in the vanguard  
For our own fighting town by the Lee!

## BALLINADEE

(1915)

THEY are gathering down the mountain **side**,

And up the valleys deep,  
The Spirit calls them far and wide,  
That never more shall sleep;  
The old true spirit, free and brave,  
That gives our foe the lie,  
And even nerves the trembling slave  
To have his own or die.

Our foe had thought the last fight **made**,

But now they see again  
Our boys set, serious, unafraid,  
Through driving wind and rain;  
No merry meeting in the sun,  
They gather in a gale,  
To-morrow they will march as one  
Against the leaden hail.

Many will fall, but many, too,

In victory shall stand,  
And we shall prove our prophets **true**,  
And free our Irish land.  
Boys, in that sacred moment kneel,  
Praise God who all things wills:  
He kept the Spirit's deathless **watch**  
On our unconquered hills.

## FRAGMENT

(April, 1916)

**T**HE stream, the heathery slope, the field of corn,  
**T**he unpretentious cottage in the vale;  
**T**he rich red earth, seed-bearing, full of joy,  
**T**ells of the golden promise soon to be—  
**W**here shall I be in the autumn, when the flower  
**I**s waving o'er these fields?—

## BEFORE THE LAST BATTLE

God, we enter our last fight.  
Thou dost see our cause is right;  
Make us march now in Thy sight  
    On to victory.  
Let us not Thy wrath deserve  
In the sacred cause we serve;  
Let us not from danger swerve,  
    Teach us how to die;  
Death for some is in reserve  
    Before our flag can fly.

All the agony of years,  
All the horrors, all the fears,  
Martyrs' blood, survivors' tears  
    Now we offer Thee,  
As an endless holocaust  
For the freedom we have lost;  
God, restore it, though the cost  
    Greater still must be:  
Let Thy grace attend our host  
    On to victory.

See, we open our own hearts.  
Every wrong that in them smarts,  
Every secret pain that starts,  
    We, too, offer Thee.  
Every dearest hope's decease,  
Every fear that rocks our peace,  
Every cross with pain's increase,  
    Burthened though we be;

Sacrifice that shall not cease,  
Till our land be free.

Thou hold'st freedom in Thy Hand,  
Thou can'st liberate our land,  
Hear us; grant our one demand,  
Ireland's liberty.

We ask not her chains to rive  
And the sacred deed survive,  
That we may rejoice alive  
In her victory.  
We but ask that she shall thrive  
And rest our fate with Thee.

We know not what must befall,  
Marching at our country's call;  
Make us strong who must yield all  
That she may not die.  
Those who will survive the fight,  
Still attend them with Thy light;  
Thou, our hope in darkest night,  
Then their guardians be;  
And hold our dear land in Thy sight  
Erect and firm and free.

## AFTER THE BATTLE



## EVE OF DEPORTATION

(Richmond Barrack, Dublin, May, 1916)

WE rest to-night beneath the doom,  
That, ere to-morrow's sun goes down,  
Will banish us—but not in gloom—  
Beneath our ancient foeman's frown—

Will banish us from Irish earth,  
Our sacred land, our martyred dead,  
Where all our hopes and dreams have birth,  
To where our foeman's hate is bred—

But not in gloom, because they gave,  
Who struck for Ireland that great blow,  
Assurance that we still can brave  
All the massed power of the foe.

And here, hushed, in the dark of night,  
Filled with the thought the morrow brings,  
Vision is swift and hope is bright—  
We hear, oh Dead, your whisperings.

Oh, conquering Dead, again you rise,  
And pass where we in silence lie,  
With that same spirit in your eyes  
With which you went from us to die.

Ah, the same spirit, but in wise  
That breathes through us its secret fire—  
What terrors can the foe devise,  
Now we are filled with your desire!

You prayed to live for Ireland's sake;  
You died that Ireland might not die.  
Lo! now we follow in your wake,  
Sustained, for you are hovering nigh.

All purified in the great strife,  
Your spirit came with your last breath:  
You are the arbiters of Life,  
Because you triumphed over Death.

It strikes the hour: we hear our call  
Constant, for each one understands,  
Because we too will render all  
God will place freedom in our hands.

## CASEMENT.

(Executed 3rd August, 1916)

THEY have immortalised another day  
Who struck you down. And oh, we burn with pride  
Because of you, our peerless one, who died  
In the old proud, unbending, Irish way.

Fearless and kingly, you; as base were they,  
Smarting at your disdain, they vilified  
The soul we loved. Who now its light can hide,  
Where it soars liberated from the clay?

And you are victor. See their rabble rage  
As the bolt falls, and shout their hellish glee,  
Frenzied with hate and their impotency,  
While you hand on to us our heritage  
And make us sharers in your victory:  
One with our conquering Dead you rule the age.

## TO THE DEAD AT EASTERTIDE

(1915)

BUT yesterday you stood with us against the crowd.  
We were not then a host, oh Dead, dispraise was loud.  
Ah, not as loud, as deep, as pure as now your praise,  
Who died, and brought us back the dream of purer days.

Yet still the many pause—they do not understand.  
Children, they, wondering, touch the pure mysterious  
brand

You lit, and nursed to flame, till grew and grew the fire,  
And you went forth to death—death, ah, but your desire.

Over all broken plans. They were material things,  
And the step seemed so wild—wild, now reflection brings:  
All our contrivings were vain. God put them away.  
'Twas God broke the plan, letting the spirit have sway.

Ah, how the spirit rose on its wings, and its flight  
Gleamed in the dark, and challenged, and put to affright  
The power material, holding our land in its chains,  
Till the voice of the many, who trembled, that power  
disdains.

Ah, but their praise is in wise that was not your wise;  
They have seen the earth rock but not the light in the  
skies.

Turn, turn but once, and draw them to gaze on the stars,  
They try to bend down your dream to their own petty  
wars.

Ah, and your war was great, divine, and moved to your  
dream;  
And the earth you loved as it caught from your vision  
a gleam.

Show them the earth in its glory, its beauty, its pride,  
Kissed by the spirit, and pure, at its breath beautified.

Ah, but we stand, whom you knew, in the clamour all  
mute;  
Silent we've taken the banner, its glory salute.  
Give us to guard and advance it, your pure, burning  
brand,  
To blaze in our battle, and light your dream in the land.

Oh, our brothers, our comrades, our champions, you gave  
To victory its meaning, to the hope of our tyrants a grave:  
This earth shall be ours for the deed of your last Easter  
morn,  
When it labored in pain of your pain, and the spirit was  
born.





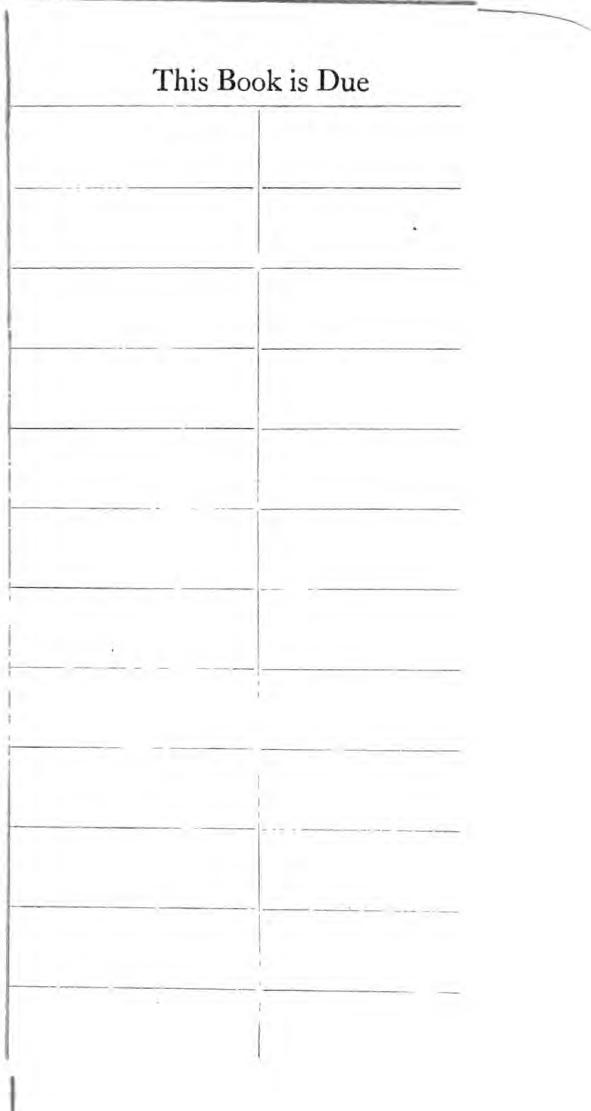
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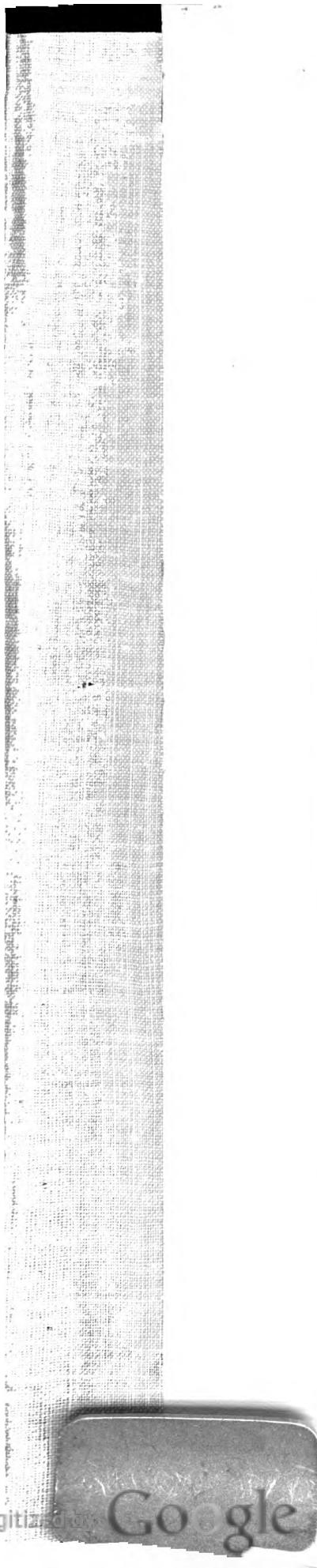
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